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A Wasp in an Old Man's Slipper.

There are times in the life of the small boy when he feels very sad from the use of a slipper or switch upon him. If anything happens to the person who has thus afflicted him, his joy is great, as will be seen from the following incident: A gentleman returned home from his daily toil and had pulled off his boots and was going to put on his slippers, when a howl of intense agony resounded through the hall. The frightened family rushed to the door, and beheld their papa heaving the shoulders with wild gestures and frantic cryings. "Take it off," he shouted, and made a grab at his foot, but, missing it, went on with the war dance. "Walter!" he shrieked, and started up stairs, three at a step, and, turning, came back in a single stride. "Oh, I'm stung!" he cried, and sank to the floor and held his right leg high above his head; then he rose to his feet with a bound, screaming for the bootjack, and held his foot out toward his terrified family. "Oh, bring the arnica," he yelled, and with one despairing effort he reached his slipper and got it off, and, with a groan as deep as a well and as hollow as a drum, sank into a chair and clasped his foot in both hands. "Look out for the scorpion," he whispered hoarsely, "I'm a dead man."

The small boy was by this time out in the wood-shed, rolling in the kindling in an ecstasy of glee, and pausing occasionally to explain to the son of a neighbor, who had dropped in to see if there was any innocent sport going on in which he could share. "Oh, Bill! Bill," he said, "you wouldn't believe; sometimes to-day, somehow or other, a big blue wasp got into the old man's slipper, and when he came home and put the one on—oh! Bill, you don't know what fun I've had."—*Dallas (Texas) Herald.*

"She Retaliated Immovably."

It was a suit for divorce. The husband—a surly, mean-faced, ferret-eyed, beetle-browed man—wanted a divorce from his wife. They were both in court. The woman was sickly-looking, and, very likely, had been driven into hysterics by the brute who called himself her husband. The principal witness for the plaintiff was another beetle-browed, ferret-eyed, mean-visaged fellow, who was shopkeeper for the latter and boarded in his family.

This witness had been "cooked"—had been "done up brown"—by both his employer and his employer's lawyer. It was plainly to be seen that he answered by rote—that the words he spoke had been put into his mouth by another.

When the counsel for the wife came to question this witness, after his own law-
yer had done with him, he said to him, with a smile, the whole meant for the jury's course:

"You've got your lesson pretty well, haven't you, sir?"

"I haven't got no lesson."

"All right. But let us see. You say, if I understand you, that Mrs. B— has a very retaliating disposition?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I said."

"Well, and how did she retaliate? Give us an instance."

"Why," grinned the witness, with a stupid look, "I've told lots of 'em."

"Yes, and now I want you to tell me one. Tell me and the jury, if you please, a marked case of her retaliating."

"My! I've told you once she was always retaliating."

"Exactly; but we want a particular instance, so that we can judge of its real merits. Now, look. Did you ever see the plaintiff in this case—your employer—kiss his wife?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered, quickly.

"And what did the wife do on that occasion?"

"She retaliated immovably."

"That will do. You may stand down."

The counsel for the plaintiff would have called the witness back, but the judge whispered to him something which nobody else heard, but which caused him to let the witness go.

The divorce was not decreed.

The Elephant Myth.

The elephant of our childhood no longer exists. Like behemoth and leviathan and other mythical creatures in whom we once implicitly believed, he has been proved to be a figment of the Oriental imagination. The authority upon which we make this unwelcome announcement is no other than Mr. Sanderson, who has for many years filled the post of Superintendent of Elephants to the Government of India, and who stands in the same relation to these animals that Sir Joseph Fayrer occupies toward tigers and venomous snakes. In a lecture recently delivered to the United Service Institution at Simla, he positively calls the elephant "positively idiotic in its attempts to escape when captured," and talks of "its want of originality and its positive stupidity in many things." In short, "in the faculty of reasoning it is far below the dog and many other animals." Nor will Mr. Sanderson allow the estimates of its great height. Out of many hundreds he has measured in Southern India the Bengal elephant at death, and found the tallest at the shoulder. Yet one disbeliever more. The elephant-hunters in both Ceylon and India corroborate Simla's story that elephants, when they feel the approach of death, retire to a solitary and inaccessible valley and there die in peace. But Mr. Sanderson, though he admits that no living man has come across the corpse of a wild elephant that has died a natural death, attributes this rather to their extreme longevity, which he is disposed to place as high as 200 years. This explanation, however, seems to us to violate that rule of scientific hypothesis which requires that the causes should be adequate to account for the result.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

Too High.

At a camp-meeting last summer a venerable sister began the hymn:

My soul, be on thy guard;
Thou'lt soonest lose thy life.

She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screamed, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

The schoolmaster was weary,
Was weary, old, and gray;
And he lay down to sleep,
Upon that summer day.

A headless of spirit,
And a headless of pain,
He struggled hard to banish,
But struggled all in vain.

The drowsy school-room murmur
He heard, and, in his train,
He knew his school were watching
His face with stealthy gaze.

He knew, and, for a moment,
He closed his eyes again,
To battle off the stupor
That crept upon his brain.

In vain, for, with the effort,
His head dropped on his breast,
His breath came faint and fainter,
And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar,
And loud voices were the din,
Among those little scholars,
The schoolmaster to win.

And all the little scholars,
And quivering with joy;
And, with a tear of laughter,
Cry what a funny boy (the duncie).

An hour now was passing,
And still the master slept,
And grew more and more drowsy,
Till those little scholars
The schoolmaster to see.

And all the little scholars,
And quivering with joy;
And, with a tear of laughter,
Cry what a funny boy (the duncie).

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Neither of them spoke for a moment, but the same thought was in the minds of both, and later, when the children had gone to bed, they talked the matter over and made a search, which proved as fruitless as the first.

"I can't think Archie would take it," said the Squire.

"I don't want to think so, but where has it gone? And you know, Reuben, how anxious he was to go to Chelton."

It was agreed, however, not to say anything to Archie for a few days, "for it may come out yet," they said.

But the days passed, and the money did not come out, so it was thought that Archie must know something about it.

Both looked very sober; it was hard to believe that the boy they had known so long and who seemed to them almost like their own, should be guilty of what they feared.

"Well," said the Squire, "I suppose I may as well speak to him about it," so after breakfast, which Amy and Archie alone enjoyed, he called the latter back after the others had left the room.

The boy came back and stood expectantly before him, while he looked uneasily about him as if for some way to escape. At last he broke the silence by saying, "Archie, I can't tell how sorry I am to say this—to think it; but we can't forget that you were the only one in the room when the money was left, so we think—that is—no doubt it was a great temptation, but tell us the truth, that will be the best for all."

Archie stood silent a moment; the color left his face, as he stood looking up, "O, you don't think I stole it?"

"We hope not; but if it is true, tell us, and we will forgive you."

"But I didn't take it," cried the boy; "can't you believe me? Look in my room, look—"

Mrs. Blake entered the room just then. "O, it isn't likely it would be among his things now," she interrupted, speaking more sternly than usual; probably being conscious of her own carelessness in the matter, she was more willing to blame some one else.

Archie's eyes filled with tears, and he turned with a mute glance of appeal, that touched the heart of one, at least, of his accusers, but the Squire left the room. He talked with the boy after this, but nothing could make him confess his guilt.

The time passed, and it was decided that Archie should go to Chelton; a place was found for him, and he, poor boy, was glad to get away from the reproaches of his former friends, for Amy alone believed him innocent.

"I just know you didn't take the old money, so there!"

After he was gone, though she missed her playmate at first, it was the Squire who felt his absence most. As for his wife, she hardened her heart against him, declaring they were well rid of the little thief.

There was no more talk of adopting a boy. Occasionally they heard of Archie, and the report was always a good one. In course of time the lost money was forgotten by all but those whom it mostly concerned.

Ten years have passed since the day Farmer Stevens called at Squire Blake's and left the money which, so soon, disappeared, and again it is house cleaning time; there are several rooms to be papered this time, and among them the sitting room.

Amy is now a young lady just out of school; at present she is standing in the doorway of the room, watching the man as he tears off the paper, as he was thought best to do before the new was put on.

"Why!" she exclaimed, as one piece came off, "what is this, a little floor?"

"Yes, don't you remember the closets we had papered over years ago?" said her mother.

Her curiosity regarding them was not satisfied till she had climbed some steps and had with difficulty pried open the doors of one.

"Why, it's full of books!" she exclaimed.

"I have good reason to remember when they were put in; it was at the time Archie Turner stole that money of you father's," said her mother.

Amy stood looking over the books when suddenly, with an exclamation of surprise, she sprang down the steps and went after her mother, who had left the room.

"I have found it!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Found what, child?"

"For answer, Amy opened a book and held it before her mother, disclosing the lost money, nicely laid away where it had been undisturbed since the day Mrs. Blake had unconsciously dropped it before going to attend Deborah.

When the Squire came home there was quite a story for him to hear. After he was finished, he sat a moment wiping his spectacles, then putting them on, remarked, "Bless the boy, I never could quite believe he took it."

Of course Archie must be acquainted with the discovery, and the Squire suddenly remembered that he had business in Chelton the next day. Accordingly the morning saw him on his way; the young lady student was much surprised by this call from the Squire.

"You don't know how hard it has been all this time to think that you believed that I had taken the money," he said after the story was told.

"But I know it has been hard to believe it," was the reply.

Archie gladly accepted an invitation to visit the Blakes, where he was welcomed by all, and the friendship between him and Amy was not less than it had been in their childhood. But it came to pass in the course of a few years that he became the son of Squire Blake, though not by adoption.

A correspondent says that the "crop" of marriageable young men at the water-
ing-places this season was a failure. Too many were planted in a hill, perhaps, and weeds were permitted to grow up around them. It is a crop that needs very careful attention and much coaxing. The top-dressing should be the best in the market, and the ground should be plowed deep and thoroughly irrigated. If these directions are thoroughly observed, we predict that a young lady can go out and pick two or three off one bush.—*Norristown Herald.*

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Gen. F. Akers has been re-appointed Fish Commissioner for Middle Tennessee.

Rome, Ga., had but five bar-rooms three years ago, while it now has twenty-one.

A seventy-acre field near Norcross, Ga., yielded seventy bales of cotton this year.

A nugget of gold weighing two and a half pounds has been taken out of the Christian mine, in North Carolina.

Forty thousand dollars have been subscribed for a grain elevator in Richmond, Va. The amount needed is \$60,000.

The last grand jury impaneled in Clarendon county, S.C., included four colored men, all of whom could read and write.

The cotton mill works of Eufrasia have been completed. They have 7,000 bales of cotton seed on hand with which to start operations.

There are in Georgia 88,522 colored men who own, by the tax receiver's returns, for their respective counties, 551,199 acres of land.

In Dodge county, Ga., a Mrs. Wright has made twenty yards of silk, having herself raised the trees, attended the worms and woven the silk into cloth.

The receipts of the North Carolina colored State Fair, recently held in Raleigh, were something over \$2,000. The expenses of all kinds, including premiums, will fall rather short of \$1,000.

Edward L. Strohecker, aged thirty years, son of a prominent physician in Macon, Ga., was found unconscious on the sidewalk on Broadway, New York, suffering from poisoning from using opium cigarettes.

Mrs. Annie Perkins, the oldest inhabitant of Danville, Va., was buried last week. She was 104 years of age, and was the mother of Rev. Wm. Perkins, a Baptist minister of the old "hard-shell" denomination.

There are in Chatham county, Ga., including the city of Savannah, 19,917 school children, of whom only 1,693 are white. The departments of modern languages and mathematics have been abolished in the schools of Savannah.

Vicksburg is making a movement toward improving her streets, but the new blocks of the Nicholson pavement are being hidden in the same planks that have covered under the old pavement for ten years, and the improvement will hardly be permanent.

At Houston, Texas, a farmer named A. A. Tinkle was shot dead by a negro boy who had been in his employ several years. Mr. Tinkle had just sold his cotton for \$300, and the negro secured this money and compelled before his crime was discovered.

Two bales of cotton from Harris county, Ga., were received at Columbus a few days ago, which were ginned and packed twenty-three years ago. The baling and repacking in good order. The cotton was sold and brought nine cents per pound for one and ten cents for the other.

Vicksburg Herald: What this town and county wants just now is labor—good, industrious labor and plenty of it. Negroes have become so trifling that they can't be utilized any more. Just think of a common convict demanding a salary of \$100 per month and his board for rolling cotton.

A correspondent writes from Amelia county, Va., that twenty-five cents is the normal price for baptizing converts in that section, and that "several orthodox Baptist preachers in this county charged fifty cents a head for baptizing; but, of late, one of them has agreed to do it for twenty-five cents each, and now all have come down to that."

W. E. Hadden, the mineralogist, who was in North Carolina last year in search of platinum, to supply Edison's electric light, is again in the western part of the State. He is now looking principally for diamonds of iron, which is being used in the manufacture of the new kind of pump, and in dyeing and calico printing.

A horse snake is kept as a curiosity by H. C. Gregory, at his residence in Manassas, Va. It is about three feet long and has a horn on the end of the tail, about one and a half inches in length, a little bent and resembling very much the spur of a rooster.

The snake uses the horn as a weapon, which is said to be very deadly. Even trees are said to have been killed by its blow.

Tarboro, North Carolina, has a colored woman who was herself a boy—does not recollect when she began to wear male clothing; still dresses and acts like a man, does a man's work and bears a man's name. She has an aversion to being with women or doing their kind of work, and says she would go to the penitentiary before she would wear a bonnet. She is a mother, but not at all motherly, and her child calls her papa.

In Georgia the number of children enrolled in the public schools of the State has risen from 19,755 in 1873 to 62,330 in 1877, the last year covered by the State School Commissioner's report. The number of colored children in attendance at the public schools has more than doubled in the last five years. The State makes the same appropriation for the colored State University that it does for the white. Georgia requires a poll tax from all voters, and returns show that in 1879 the number of colored men who paid this tax was 3,322, and 1,000 tax-payers owned 511,199 acres. 1,000 words, from one-half to two-thirds of the adult male negroes are tax-payers and property-holders.

A young man named Nottlinger was hanged at Gainesville, Texas, a few months since, for the murder of a man named Kline. The evidence showed that the murder was committed on a warm summer night, while Kline and his wife were sleeping out on the porch; his head being blown to atoms with a shotgun.

The widow of the murdered man was recently confined with twins, thought she was going to die, and confessed that she prepared the pall on the porch for the deed to be committed, and was not beside him as was believed, but had arisen while her husband

was asleep that the assassin might do their work. She says the shot was fired by one Garliver, but he was recovered by Nottlinger. The latter was her lover before her marriage to Kline. The woman is recovering and will probably get well.

The monument erected in commemoration of the battle of King's Mountain is a granite shaft measuring twenty-six feet in height and eighteen feet at the base, a sloping face are whose smooth outlines contrast pleasantly with the jagged edges of the surrounding rocks. The design was gotten up by a committee appointed especially for the purpose, and on its shaft, resting on a broad pedestal composed of five steps, and slopes to the top which is about two and a half feet square. It was originally intended to enclose the whole with a bronze figure of a soldier in an attitude of expectancy, leading a rifle of the flat and steel variety in use during the Colonial period, but the present condition of the association's funds would not permit of the purchase of the statue, and in lieu of this, the monument has been surmounted by a pyramidal shaped dome. The inscriptions are written on marble slabs included two inches in the granite masonry.

Seven Troys.

The famous archaeologist, Schliemann, wrote from Athens to a Russian paper, as follows: "I have just returned from Asia Minor, where I have last finished that digging out of Troy which I began in 1870. During ten years I have struggled with great difficulties, among which the most troublesome has been the large amount of debris under which the ancient city was buried. It has been necessary to dig down and dig up the ground for more than sixteen yards below the surface. But I am fully recompensed for all my trouble. I found the remains of seven different cities, the last of them was the Ilion of Homer. That city was built by the Trojans, banished from Greece by the Dorians in the eleventh century before our era. In one of the buried cities I found many statues of Minerva with the owl's head, whence her name of Glaukopis. In another city we found many images of the divinites. But the most interesting and important of all the discoveries is, of course, the city of King Priam. Every article found in the ruins of that city bears unmistakable signs of having been destroyed by fire and in time of war. There were discovered many remains of human bodies in full armor. I dug out and cleared away the debris from the entire wall that surrounded the city, and also from all the principal buildings. Now I am finishing a large volume in English describing with full details all my discoveries, and containing 200 illustrations of the most important of the discoveries. My Trojan collection is now in London, but at the end of this year I shall take it to my villa in Athens, which is fire-proof, built out of marble and iron. I have received large offers for my collection from the United States, England, France and Germany, but I cannot part with it for any money in the world."

Tributes to Audiences to Actors.

Ernie, as well as flowers, now figure among the tributes proffered by London audiences to favorite actresses. To most of them, this is, no doubt, an agreeable innovation. A basket of flowers, a bouquet of roses, or a bunch of carnations, is certainly a much more practical present than the rarest bunch of camellias or peonies.

These theatrical offerings vary curiously in different parts of the world. In Spain a favorite nodular is oval-shaped, and is covered with the men's cigars and ladies' gloves and fans. On our